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SONGS FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE mountaineers of North Carolina and Tennessee could scarcely be called a music-loving race; nevertheless their favorite pastime during long winter evenings and stormy days is singing. This, doubtless, is a "Hobson's choice," for these people are, as a rule, too ignorant to read; many games are unknown to them; and conversation, at best rather difficult, seems an impossibility when the winter snows have cut off nearest neighbors, and hence all chances for gossip. So the musician of the family strums a monotonous tune on his home-made banjo, to which the others, in nasal tones, sing old ballads which have come down from their English ancestors, or songs of local fame. Following are some of the commonest songs of the mountaineers on and about Roan Mountain.

These people have a peculiar way of picking the banjo, of which it is impossible to give any idea in writing out the tunes. They also play an interlude between each stanza, which sometimes exceeds the length of the measures sung.

'LIZA JANE.



1.

When I go a ridin',
I take the railroad train;
But when I go a courtin',
I take sweet 'Liza Jane.

2.

When I go a fishin',
I take my hook and line;
But when I go a courtin',
I take that gal o' mine.

3.

You climb up the oak tree,
I'll climb up the gum,—
I never see a pretty gal
But what I love her some.

4.

I wish I had a needle and thread
As fine as I could sew,
I'd sew my true love to my side,
And down the road we'd go.

5.

You go ride the old gray horse,
 I 'll go ride the roan;
 You hug and kiss your gal,
 I 'll hug and kiss my own.

6.

The jay bird and the "srapper,"
 They both came down together,
 They flew through the briar patch,
 And never lost a feather.

7.

I wish I was in heaven,
 Sittin' in the big arm "chere,"
 With one arm round a whiskey barrel,
 And t' other round my dear.

8.

She went down the new cut road,
 I went down the lane,
 A heavy load and a sorry team
 To drive out 'Liza Jane.

BARBRO ALLEN.

I.

One Monday morn, in the month of May,
 When all gay flowers was swellin',
 Sweet William he was taken sick
 For the love of Barbro Allen.

2.

He sent his servant to the town
 After Barbro Allen,—
 Slowly she did get ready,
 Slowly she did travel.

3.

She pulled the curtains round his bed,—
 "Young man, I think you 're dyin'."
 I 'm sick, I 'm sick, I 'm very sick,
 For the love of Barbro Allen.

4.

"One sweet kiss from your precious lips
 Would save my soul from dyin'."

“ Before you get a kiss from my precious lips,
I ’ll see your heart’s blood spillin’.

5.

“ Do you remember last Saturday night,
When all the ladies was treated ?
You treated the ladies all around,
And slighted Barbro Allen.”

6.

He turned his pale face to the wall,
His back upon Barbro Allen, —
“ Adew, adew, to the ladies around ;
Be kind to Barbro Allen.”

7.

She rode, she rode, about three miles,
She heard the death bells ringin’ : —
The further she rode, the louder they rang,
Saying, “ Stop thou, Barbro Allen.”

8.

She looked back, she looked back,
She saw his cold corpse a-comin’.
“ Go sit him down, go sit him down,
That I may look upon him.”

9.

They sot him down, they sot him down,
And she looked right upon him ;
The more she looked, the louder she mourned,
Till she busted right out a-cryin’.

10.

“ Sweet William died for me to-day,
I ’ll die for him to-morrow ;
Sweet William died of pure true love,
Barbro Allen died for sorrow.

11.

“ Go dig his grave in the old churchyard,
Barbro Allen’s by the side of it.”
And out of his grave there sprung a green briar,
A red rose out of Barbro Allen’s.

12.

They grew and grew to the old church tower
Till they could n’t grow no higher,
They warped and tied in a truelove knot,
And lived and died together.

DAISY.



I.

Coffee grows on the white oak tree,
 The rivers run with brandy,—
 My little gal is a blue-eyed gal
 As sweet as any candy.

2.

Fly around my blue-eyed gal,
 So fly around my daisy,—
 Every time I see that gal
 She almost runs me crazy.

Lila W. Edmands.